

# Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

## NOW HER NAME IS MUD.

Mud is a desideratum in Kansas, a matter of inquiry, requirement and desire. Some old-timers attribute its mud-fighting proclivities to the consuming avidity of its people for semi-liquid slush. The unending prayer for the real article seems to have evolved a counterfeit saturation of dirt in our politics, of ooze in our legislative halls, and of rot all around. Most peoples dread mud, but Kansas just revels in it. Wet down her dust and she is all right. When Kansas real estate is not going on the wings of the wind at the rate of forty miles an hour it is sure to be getting in its work on a big crop and in the liveliest kind of a way. It is that disposition on the part of Kansas soil to get a move on it to which the most of the dirty work of its legislature and political conventions is traceable. The soil with which Kansas fills the eyes of the rest of the world is but accumulated dust from the wings of Time. Tempus fugit, and the most of its dust seems to settle hereabouts. With the subsidence of the Nile the Egyptians plant their beans and the like in the mud. No mud, no beans, no eat. The Kansas Nile is not given to overflowing but occasionally the heavens above it are, which amounts to the same thing in producing mud. Kansas is just now rejoicing in the biggest crop of mud of years, and it is not all confined within the legislative halls at Topeka. It gurgles beneath the wheels everywhere, plunks under the feet of her heroes and splatters over everything. It slushes from rim to rim of her horizon and is unfathomable. The peoples of other states swear at mud; the Kansas scrapes it off with a chuckle, or a splinter, and turns his intelligent face to the sky with thanks on his lips to Multis-plus, who, in reigning there, also rains and sometimes snows. Mud means much to Kansas, and she has no end of it this winter. The state in being long on dust has been short on mud, except in her politics and, incidentally, in society circles. Brooks and rivulets whose beds have been rusted pebbles and blistered sands for years will murmur in their flow again for months to come, and the wheels of the mills of larger streams which have stood still, except during an occasional freshet, will turn on and rumble on continuously. As for the fields and pastures and orchards whose yields for the past two years have been in the main only from good to satisfactory, will bloom and crack and break beneath their load of surplus abundance. The earth is soaked, saturated and reeking down to where springs find their subterranean lives, deeper than roots ever reach. The name of Kansas is mud in no metaphorical sense this season, but in the signification of superabundance.

## LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE.

The Eagle's Topeka correspondent makes it quite plain that the Pops are neither harmonious or happy. Their first blunder was in the choice of a speaker who is neither a parliamentarian or a leader. On the floor of the committee of the whole he is as miserable a failure as in the presiding officer's chair. He seems to have no head and is totally without experience. The state is paying a prompter to save him from the inevitable confusion which would result from his ignorance and blunders. And the inefficient presiding officer is not the only trouble. It is slowly dawning on the majority that they are being herded. One-half of them do not know "where they are at." A large contingent have been led about by the noses by the prohibition lobbyists of Topeka who threaten them with reputation at home should they dare vote their individual sentiments or that of their platform, which favors submitting everything to the people. So there are signs of a rebellion. The fight made up the Republican minority on Friday last was the height of folly, and of course the minority is taking advantage of such display of narrow prejudice. The Pop party is the party of bosses par excellence. Those who are being led do not realize this, however; and they are the majority. This the more securely entrenches the boss in his position. When the more conservative and sensible look over the array of wild-eyed measures now confronting the majority the inclination is to a stampede. Something of this kind is almost sure to occur within the next ten days, when the food measures and the good will be swamped alike. In the mean time all manner of foolish bills continue to be introduced, from an appropriation of \$1,000 to encourage hen-breeding to an appropriation to build a state cannery factory. The sign of relief which will go up from the breasts of the level-headed people of this state upon the adjournment of that aggregation will be so simultaneously profound that it is liable to be mistaken for an earthquake.

## WILL THE NAVY FAIL?

It may turn out that the "speed" sought to be attained in all the newer vessels for the United States navy may have been at the expense of safety and sea-worthiness. Assuming that the battles of the future will be fought on water, the most wonderful progress has marked the construction of naval vessels as to engine power and speed. Some of these vessels fly through the water at the average speed of a freight train on land, or even faster. But the experience of the North Atlantic squadron off Charleston last week is an eye-opener. It wasn't much of a "blow," or such a one as an old-time merchantman would pay little attention, yet the fleet of men-of-war were scattered, lashed about and damaged in a very expensive way. A number of lives were even lost. For only hours it was feared that the entire squadron had gone to Davy Jones' locker. Admiral Bunce, who was in command, has transmitted an official report of the disaster and loss of life. The

story is gallant enough, but the average American is wondering why such a terrible experience in so ordinary a gale. The report, while making honorable mention of all who volunteered to man the life boat, recommends that a life-saving medal of the first class be given to Landsman Creelman, who jumped overboard in a futile attempt to save a drowning man. Such scenes of heroism, not often enacted at sea in time of peace, do honor to American manhood, and furnish to the country and to the world a fresh proof of the splendid material which is, as of old, the strength and mainstay of the United States navy.

Admiral Bunce's squadron although it managed to keep its bows above the waves, was not equal to keeping the little Vesuvius blockade runner out of Charleston harbor.

## CRETE NOT CUBA.

Crete, not Cuba, promises to involve the world in war. England has let up on the Royal Niger's fight on the Emir of Nupe and forgotten the little ten million dollar incident of Oom Paul in the episode of Prince George of Greece sailing away with his torpedo boats and the declaration that the Turks must stand back. The sultan nor his Porte seem much alarmed over the capers of his subjects in the little island of classic history, but all Europe had a delirium last Saturday. Crete is the very key of the status quo of the present peace conditions of all Europe and western Asia. Greece is as ambitious to win Crete back to herself as is France to reclaim Alsace-Lorraine. Johnny Bull hates the Turk with a holy horror, and if the English government backs the Greek people, England will stand by Greece whatever may happen. Such an event would be the signal for the dissolution of the Turkish empire and its division among the powers, in which Greece might get back much of her original territory. Bulgaria and Russia would follow with their demands. All this would mean war, and maybe a gigantic one in which the lines and allies might be hard to name. It is certain England would seek to appropriate Egypt and strengthen her claims in Central and South Africa. Great fleets are now moving for the little island and the wires of Europe are very much alive with diplomatic messages. Of course the sultan snaps his fingers and relies upon the "concert" of Europe. If the "concert" should prove to be a war dance, it will be good-bye, Mr. Un-speakable.

There are no suppliance-bent knees in Greece's wardrobe just at present.

It appears possible that Kansas is at last to get resubmission—by three coughs and a soft rap at the back door.

The noteworthy feature of Moshin Khan, the new Turkey minister of foreign affairs, is that he resembles Lit. Crum.

One of the greatest mistakes the present Kansas legislature has made is in believing that the country is watching it.

One can not realize how much above the common he is himself until he gets to talking about the necessity of a great war "to kill off the surplus men."

McKinley received no comic valentines from Kansas this year. But next year when he will be doling out the postoffices he will not be disappointed.

The man who named Greece would not have done so could he have foreseen that there would be an English language with a word "Greece" to pun upon.

At Bayard's dinner the Prince of Wales expressed a liking for American preserved peaches. Can't we stretch the Monroe doctrine around our peaches too?

Cy Leland has been filling one office in Doniphan county twenty-six years. It is rumored that he will fill several other offices in Kansas soon, but in a different way.

All Kansas and Oklahoma will be interested in knowing that Bill Bolton, the editor, will board the Texas at Galveston tomorrow. Bolton will doat, but the boat will go under forever.

With that delicacy which is so characteristic of culture Governor Leedy says that Jerry Simpson, who has declared that Redenthal will not be re-nominated, is to use a Latin phrase, a liar.

The stingiest man in the world is he who will wear out a pair of rubbers. There is something the matter with a man's mind when he does not lose his rubbers by the time they are two days old.

The islands of the world are making the most noise. The Philippines, Cuba and Crete are tearing up the earth. Japan lately kicked the mainland. And Juan Fernandez, to attract attention, sank out of sight.

News of the day: Mrs. McKinley's inaugural gown has had its left sleeve added: Jim Corbett's chest measure increased an eighth of an inch, and Weyerle took the field in person for the 178th time.

Kansas should take the money she pays her legislature and hire Richard Mansfield or some good actor to play in all the county seats of Kansas and admit all comers free. The effect would be so much better.

The Kansas legislature is chuckle of bills seeking to "regulate" something. Buy a watch from a jeweler. He will say: "That little arm is to regulate it by you leave it alone." But you don't, and you break your watch.

Some day some Kansas society woman will hit the bull's-eye by receiving her guests on a raised dais. The trouble is, no one in Kansas can be found who has ever seen one, in order to give the carpenter pointers.

Lyman J. Gage is probably the very best secretary of the treasury who could have been chosen but Chicago, which furnished him, ought to get over the idea that it is holding preferred bonds on the whole McKinley administration.

A Chicago widow, worth three million dollars, is going to marry a poor man in Topeka because she believes "he loves her for herself alone." Foreign nobility will look upon Topeka's entrance into the field as a competitor with a shudder.

## Stories of an Inland State.

(A second series and beginning the story of the man music-teacher.)

It is something to carry the axe into the frontier and having it shavings, clear a space and build a cabin. It is something much more valorous to force further west with a plow and break the treeless prairie and bring something from the nothingness of the level unworked steppe. It is something, more valorous yet to come to the village of which the first settler's house is a nucleus and start a general store and let your books swing heavy from credit to debt and back again, erratically, with "luck" and "bad luck" of your customers. And it is still a brave deed to set up shop there as "a doctor" and be charged with murder at every death.

But the heart of Napoleon beats in the breast of that man who, somewhat of a pussance above all his fellows, first hangs out a gilt-edged sign as "music teacher." This is a terrible introduction to a western community. On that sign the men and women, the heavy pioneers, read a confession of effeminacy, yet semi-idiotcy, of physical, mental and moral inferiority. The adamant prejudice which is virginal in all frontier minds against man music teachers, gives away in years, it is true, but the greatest heroes this world has ever seen are the men who have faced it down. For two years now Algernon Burr had been facing this monster. He had two friends in Gaylord, the town of his choice; one, the square piano with its slumbering solace to be awakened at the touch of his long "women" fingers when he was alone and heart-sick; the other a young girl, a pupil who "felt" for him and understood why he played Chopin when he was alone and "Silver Waves" for visitors, who understood the passion in the nonsensically tangled themes of the classics, and responded in her heart to the majesty of their wordless messages.

The pioneer west is man. He is king. He must subdue the "front" by manliness, by muscle, by mental vigor. His good wife by his side responds also to this necessity. She, too, is manly, vigorous. A fractions horse, for the most part, and is subdued. A bucket is lost in the deep well. She does not wait for the home-coming of John to rescue the vessel. She is down the well's rough sides as quick as a flash with the rope and cuts the rope with the bucket. She is not afraid of the volleys of night or the Indian scares. This man and woman bring forth a child. The place has changed; a town has grown up; there are parties; the children have "accomplishments"; the children love to play "Silver Waves" and "Silver Waves" for visitors, who understand the passion in the nonsensically tangled themes of the classics, and responded in her heart to the majesty of their wordless messages.

She was Algernon Burr's favorite pupil. When it was not a pupil's hour she would slip up and together they would play duets, classical duets which made every one else in the town yawn and frown.

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## Shelby and His Gang.

General Jo. O. Shelby, for he ever signed his name in that way, whose death is reported from Kansas City, was "a character" with more phases than are ever brought out by the most. I know him before, during and after the civil war, more intimately after peace was declared and he had returned from self-expatriation in Mexico.

As a boy I saw him in command of a red-shirted troop of Kentucky cavalry en route to Kansas in "the bleeding days" to save that state to the slavery cause. He landed his command at Booneville, Mo., and was there joined by J. W. Draffs's company, and both commands embarking on the steamboat Polar Star, sailed up the river to Kansas to join ex-Senator Dave Atchison's pro-slavery army.

After the Kansas war was over I was once a guest at his home in Waverly, Lafayette county, Mo. Shelby owned a great beef farm near Waverly and hemp was raised in those days like cotton "down south" and was shipped away in bales. Shelby had a company of hemp factory in Waverly, and not only baled his own, but the hemp of all his neighbors. Prosperous and popular, he was a young man looked up to and not a little feared when in a turbulent mood.

In June, 1861, I recognized him among the hosts of rebels that mustered at Booneville under Price and Marmaduke to dispute the possession of Missouri and prevent his triumph march through the state. His voice was for war, battle, claret-toned, and his influence contributed most to having the Battle of Booneville assigned to the pages of history as one of the earliest defeats of the Confederates in the civil war. But he repented his error after recruiting "Shelby's Brigade of Cavalry," which became as famed in the west or trans-Mississippi region as did Forrest's command east of the "Father of Waters."

After the war I first encountered General Shelby in connection with "the James Boys Gang," and was especially intimate with him during Frank James' trial at Gallatin, Missourville county, the home of Congressman David J. "Old" Missouri district. Jesse James had been assassinated in St. Joseph by Bob and Charlie Ford, and in the summer of 1883 Frank was arraigned for trial at Gallatin for the Winston train robbery. Governor Marmaduke Westfall and a railway laborer, Callahan, had been killed by the raiders. Gallatin, an antiquated Missouri village, became a scene of excitement continuing for three weeks. Stores were emptied of sleeping room to those attracted to the trial. Among these were hundreds of ex-Confederates. Chief among these old soldiers of "the lost cause" was General Jo. O. Shelby. Frank James had been a soldier in his command, "and a good one," he emphasized in his Kentucky dialect, an "I'm hyar, sah, to see 'a' play."

And besides the general there were troops of rough riders, men who had "rid" with Quantrell as well as Shelby, and who had "rid" with the "James Boys" and "had" but the times were tempestuous, and at an moment, if the word had been given, Frank James would have been whirled out of the court room at the head of as desperate a "raid" as ever rode through the brush. But it is undoubtedly due to General Shelby, though never avowed, that "the word" was not given. But to better illustrate his control of these men, who came into town for the trial, he had them all lined up in Indian Territory and Kentucky, let this story tell:

One day during the trial the general invited a detachment of his friends, as numerous as a squadron of cavalry, to join him in a drink. Replying to the one saloon in the town, on entering it was found to be full of ex-bushwhackers, who at times had belonged to Shelby's rough riders. A good many of 'em were full too. The general stalked in and commanded:

"You men get out of here. You have had enough. Get out."

They meekly obeyed. Bill Pool, Bill Greck, Bud Palmer, who married Susie Ford, the daughter of the slain Callahan, and a hundred more walked out without a word of dissent, some even sitting down to their liquor untouched.

"Now," said the general as the room was cleared, "two gentlemen will take drink and turn out."

Turning to Frank Tutt, a Missouri Pacific detective, I whispered: "Those men do not seem to realize that the war is over."

"You bet they don't," he replied, "when the old general is around."

General Shelby was a witness for the defendant, Frank James. When summoned, into court, quite early in the morning, after a camp-fire soot the night before, the old general was in an elaborate mood. When called upon to take the oath by the clerk he assumed a haughty, military pose and exclaimed:

"Not until I have had an introduction to the court, an honor which I have not yet enjoyed."

Pacified, the general gave his testimony and was taken in hand on cross-examination by William H. Wallace, prosecuting attorney. Wallace asked:

"Did you know Bill Ryan?" (a former member of the gang.)

"I do, sah," was answered curtly and pugnaciously.

"What kind of a looking man is he?"

"He has as villainous a countenance on him, sah, as you have yourself, Mr. Wallace."

The animus of the general's testimony throughout was to vindicate Frank James as a soldier and to condemn his prosecutors. Before the trial, he had been told that he was to have helped Dick Liddle and others of the gang to betray the leaders, Frank and Jesse.

As brave a man as ever lived, as a soldier, James was. When with him were held in check by the iron hand of discipline. As a friend he stood by a friend to the death and as an enemy he was willing to be in at the death of an enemy. He was a bold cavalier and a bold man. He was a bold man.

Meeting a lady he would take off his broad-brim, slouch white hat and bowing low, would say in a most deferential tone: "Your servant, ma'am," and stand with his hands behind his back, waiting for her to speak.

Confronting an enemy, his hair, iron gray and profuse, bristled like a mane, and he would stare him out of countenance if he didn't fairly damn him out of existence.

At his home in Bates county, one of the largest wheat farms in Missouri, he was the prince of hosts. Let a traveler approach, he was at the door to meet him. "Friend, dismount, he would exclaim, and then receiving his guest would conduct him with cordial expressions of hospitality into the house, shouting from the hallway to his wife:

"Bessie, Mr. — is here; bring him a toddy."

Just as hospitable and genial as her husband, Mrs. Shelby would appear, followed by a negro girl with a tray in her hands, and the home of the Shelys became the home of the guest as long as he wanted to make it so for a day, week, month or year.

Twelve years ago Henry Heffelford, the new United States senator from Idaho, was probably caught to be yet.

## Outlines of Oklahoma.

Newspaper men are not included in the anti-pass law of the legislature.

At Pond Creek it has been discovered that a "grit" year is always a good crop year.

Over a masquerade ball the Guthrie Leader puts this head: "Masked to a Frazzle."

William Freyberger of El Reno notifies the public that he hasn't the time to run for mayor.

The people of Perry are maintaining a penitentiary lobby at Guthrie at an expense of \$30.

A Perry man is advertising for a lost overcoat "with a pair of red mittens in the pockets."

A Perry poetess says that "Only a stilet, gauze-like curtain hides earthly night from heavenly day."

Oklahoma raises more bales of cotton to the number of acres in cultivation than any of the old states.

While the Osage Indians are the richest people on earth no one in Oklahoma wants to be an Osage Indian.

Judge J. M. Asher of the West Side serves notice on his enemies that "he is not a candidate for anything."

The anti-pass legislation at Guthrie is being pushed by the fellows who live in cities lying near to Guthrie.

"Fatty Hopkins" of Oklahoma City was judged the other day for firing a salute to the morn with his pocket cannon.

The Watonga Republican says Miss Yaw "forced London to her feet" and made it crown her queen of song. Well hardly.

An Oklahoma paper meant to say the "remains of Mrs. George will be buried Thursday." The printer set it "remains."

Mr. Trooper should give that gubernatorial boom of his more rope. The pasture is good and the thing will starve if he doesn't.

A. J. Seay is out in a card saying he is for Cassius Barnes for governor of Oklahoma. When did Mr. Governor Seay discover that?

A man at Perry walked into a tobacco store the other day and put up a 10-cent coin plaster for some tobacco, reserving the right to redeem it.

Dick Plunkett has made all arrangements to go to Nevada as Oklahoma's official representative at Carson. The legislature should appropriate his expenses.

Jake Adair notices the territory that Major McKim has himself appointed the governor of Oklahoma. Not much. The secretary of the interior will do it.

The Kingfisher Free Press calls loudly for fair treatment of Mr. Callahan. No one is hurting Mr. Callahan. He is not an idiot and he will always be laughed at, much as Kingfisher county may dislike it.

There is a man at El Reno who says he doesn't expect to hear anything like Miss Yaw's voice again until he reaches heaven and sits fishing in the river of life on the bottom step of the great white throne.

The opponents of Flynn say that an executive office it is not. Flynn as a congressman is practically unequalled in the west. It is doubtful if he can duplicate the record as governor. But he'd make a good one.

Oklahoma Times-Journal: At the coroner's inquest yesterday over the remains of Mr. Reddingfield nothing new was developed in regard to the accidental killing and the jury after being out but a few moments returned a verdict to the effect that Frank Reddingfield, the deceased, came to his death by a gunshot wound at the hand of Roy Sherman. They did not state whether they believed it to be accidental or otherwise. Before putting Roy Sherman on the stand, Prosecutor Taylor told Mr. Sherman that Roy could not be made to go on the stand and testify unless he chose to do so. Mr. Sherman replied that he wanted Roy to tell the truth about the shooting. Roy was then put on the stand and testified that he was shooting at a post and that in some way Mr. Reddingfield, in his wagon, came between him and the post and that Mr. Reddingfield was shot. He said that at the time he shot he did not see the wagon. A reporter of this paper visited the place where the shooting occurred and saw that it was very easy for the boy to shoot around the road and not see the wagon until after he had shot, and that the road was down hill there, and that no doubt the man was driving fast. Roy Sherman is an innocent and intelligent fellow little more than 19 years old and told a straight and forward story. But seemed to be utterly unconscious of the awfulness of the accident he had caused. Mr. Reddingfield was a man of about 25 years of age, and leaves a divorced wife and two children. His funeral took place at 2:30 this afternoon from the undertaking establishment of Rev. J. H. Harper, and was conducted by the Rev. Burt of the M. E. church. The remains were buried in Fairland cemetery.

Along the Kansas Nile.

A Winfield man who has been married for years buys his wife a valentine.

One of the schemes behind the initiative and referendum is woman suffrage.

A Populist yesterday on the street was talking about the "negotium and referendum plan."

John Davis, once a Populist congressman from Kansas, now says the talk of the crime of '73 is hush.

The gas companies of Iowa which have recently consolidated supply three hundred and sixty consumers.

While the Kansas legislature is going to abolish the state seal it has sent a silk stocking to the senate.

Over at Iowa they really believe that Fred Furston stands up and lets the Spaniards flatten their bullets on his chest.

A Populist paper calls Lyman Gage and John Sherman the "two most despised, hypocritical traitors in the nation."

The Populists are now counting on making next fall's campaign on the legislature's abolishment of the silk station.

A citizen of Lyons makes an open confession in the Republican that he has attended church only twice in a year.

Governor Leedy told a friend the other day that he would write his next message and that Kegan would be left out.

T. W. Eckert of Arkansas City is charged with regarding his place as director in the penitentiary transfer of prisoners as full swing for the local postoffice.

The sheriff at Ashland issues a warning to the boys that if any gun are thrown on the roof at prayer meetings hereafter he will arrest the throwers.

Mrs. Wood of Topeka, the woman who wants the legislature to abolish hypnosis should also kick for the suppression of sleight-of-hand performances.

A Populist editor in western Kansas (Chas. county) chapters says the cry of the present legislature is: "Down with the corporations and the country printer."

The Iowa Register is of the opinion that had William Jennings Bryan started out early selling medicine he would have been as great a man today as Diamond Dick is.

There is a feeling at Topeka that Butler and Sedgewick county got enough under Llewelling to last them a hundred years, and that they must now take a back seat.

It is possible that the Republican members of the present legislature have been playing horse with the Populists too much. The Populists are human and kicked back.

The Winfield Tribune, which is not Republican, partly Populist and a little bit Democratic, demands that the legislature at Topeka get together, pass something and come home.

The Kansas weekly papers are publishing pictures of the famine-stricken people

THE DAILY EAGLE  
its share of  
all competitors  
\$6 per year

THE WEEKLY EAGLE  
it's a bumper and  
gives you 52 numbers  
for 50 cents

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Best Equipped Newspaper and Job Plant  
in the Great Southwest